

Armored Saint "Control Issues"

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Beat my bloody fist to a pulp
Then I'll switch hands
Gotta prove that I'm a worthy man
Privileged to be in God's domain
A monumental task
So listen obey and better never ask

Good at making the call
Bent over backwards
Good at breaking the fall
Repair me

I mourn your blighted life
Bent over backwards
But on this we'll agree
We hate people that we don't like

Control, control, control issues

Force fed until I hurt, regurgitate
Indulgence is my mate
Honest righteousness
Public to be damned
Throw in the towel
And give the king a hand

Can't control my choice
A waver in the voice
Gotta cut the ties that bind
Can't get grounded

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